A

PANEGYRIC

On the Reverend

Dean *SWIFT.*

In ANSWER to

A LIBEL *on Dr.* DELANY, *and a certain Great* LORD.

Never before Printed.

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DEAN *SWIFT.*

COULD all we little Folks that wait,
And dance Attendance on the Great,
Obtain ſuch Privilege as You,
To rail, and go unpuniſh'd too;

To treat our *Betters* like our *Slaves*,
And all Mankind as *Fools*, or *Knaves*;
The Pleaſure of ſo large a Grant
Would much compenſate all we want.
Mitres and *Glebes* could ſcarce do more
To *ſcratch* our endleſs *Itch* of Pow'r.
For next to being great our ſelves,
It is to think all great ones *Elves*,
And when we can't be *tete à tete*
Their Fellows, turn their *Dread* and *Hate*.
How amply then does Pow'r provide
For you to gratifie your Pride?
Where'er the Wind of *Favour* ſits,
It ſtill your Conſtitution hits.
If fair, it brings you ſafe to Port,
And when 'tis foul, affords you Sport.

A *Deanery* you got, when *in*;
And now you're *out*, enjoy your *Grin*.

But hark'ee, is it truly ſo,
(And you of all Mankind ſhould know)
That Men of *Wit* can be no more
Than *Pimps* to Wickedneſs in Pow'r?
Then pray, dear Doctor, condeſcend
To teach the Science to your Friend.
For long inur'd to muſty Rules,
And idle Morals in the Schools,
My higheſt Progreſs in the Myſt'ry
Is of *ſhort Seſſions a long Hiſt'ry*;
Lampoons on *Whigs*, when in Diſgrace;
Or vile *Submiſſions*, when in Place;

Poems addreſs'd to great Men's *Whores*;
Or other *Lap-Dog* Cures for *Sores*.
But form'd more perfect *Gameſter*, you
The deepeſt *Tricks* of Courtiers knew.
Your *Horace* not content to quote,
You at a Pinch could *forge* a *Plot*;
The fatal *Box* itſelf diſplay'd,
Where *Whigs* their curſed *Trains* had laid;
Nor ceas'd the *Faction* to purſue,
Till you had got them in a *Screw*.
Oh, wondrous *Box!* my Lyre unſtrung
Shall be, when thou art left unſung.
More precious far than ev'n the Gift
Of our *Metropolis* to *Swift*;
The Gift, (Good Heav'ns preſerve't from Thieves)
Of *Lord May'r*, *Aldermen*, and *Shrieves*,

Where,

Where, if the Curious liſt to read 'em,
They'll find his Life, and Acts, and *Freedom*,
And the Great Name engrav'd moſt fairly
Of him that *Ireland* ſav'd, and *Harley*;
With quaint *Inſcription*, which contains,
Laid out with no leſs Art, than Pains,
His Virtues all, and half my Brains.

No Wonder 'tis, you think it *little*
To *lick a Raſcal States-man's Spittle*,
Who, to expreſs your *great* Devotion,
Have ſwallow'd down a ſtronger Potion,
A Compoſition more abſurd,
Bob's Spittle mix'd with *Harry's* ——
Oh, could'ſt thou teach us how to *Zeſt*
Such Draughts as this, and then *Digeſt*,

Then

Then we might alſo have in Time
More beneficial Ways than *Rhime*;
Refuſe our Patron's Call to dine,
Piſh at his Cook'ry, *Damn* his Wine;
Aſſume a *Dignitary*'s Airs;
And go to *Church*, and ſay our Prayers.

Rightly you ſhew, that *Wit* alone
Advances few, enriches none.
And 'tis as true, or Story lies,
Men ſeldom by their *Good Deeds* riſe;
From whence the Conſequence is plain,
You never had commenc'd a *Dean*,
Unleſs you other Ways had trod
Than thoſe of *Wit*, or Truſt in GOD.

'Twas

'Twas therefore cruel hard, by *Jove*,
Your *Induſtry* no better throve,
Nor could atchieve the promis'd *Lawn*
Though *Robin*'s Honour was in Pawn;
Becauſe it chanc'd, an old grave *Don*
Believ'd in GOD, and you in *none*.
Be this however your Relief,
Whene'er your Pride recals your Grief,
That all the Loſs your Purſe ſuſtain'd
By that Rebuff your *Virtue* gain'd.
For muſt you not have often *ly'd*,
And griev'd your *righteous Soul* beſide,
Th' *Almighty's Orders* to *perform*,
Not to *direct* a *Plague*, or *Storm*,
But 'gainſt the Dictates of your Mind,
To *bleſs*, as now you *curſe* Mankind?

You tell me, 'till my *Fortune's made*,
I muſt take up the *ſweetening Trade*.
I own, the Counſel were not wrong,
Did *Congreve's* Wit inſpire my Song,
Or could my Muſe exert the Rage
Of *Addiſon's* Immortal Page,
When rap't in Heav'nly Airs, he ſings
The Acts of GODS, and Godlike Kings.
But form'd by You, how ſhould their Model
E'er enter any Mortal's Noddle?
Our Thoughts, to hit your nicer Taſte,
Muſt in a diff'rent Mould be caſt;
The Language *Billingsgate* excel;
The Sentiments reſemble *Hell*.

Thus,

Thus, ſhould I give your Humour Place,
And draw like you my *Patron's* Face;
To do him Honour meet, in Courſe
I muſt compare him to a *Horſe*;
Then ſhew, how *States-men* oft are ſtung
By Gnats, and draw the Nation's *Dung*,
The *ſtinking* Load of all the Crimes,
And *Naſtineſs* of modern Times,
Not only what themſelves have ——
For that were not unjuſt a Bit,
But all the *Filth* by *Spiſs*, and *Sparſe*
Of e'ery *Rogue* that wears an ——.

To add more Dignity and Light
To an Alluſion ſo polite,

The

The *Devil* ready ſtands, my *Swift*,
To help our Fancy at a Lift;
Yet envy not, that I repeat
The damnable the dear Conceit.

" So when poor *Iriſh Rapparee*
" Is ſentenc'd to the fatal *Tree*;
" Or naughty Boy elopes from School;
" Or pretty Miſs has play'd she Fool,
" And crack'd her tender *Maiden-head*
" By lying on too hard a Bed;
" Their Loads they all on *Satan* lay,
" The *Devil* did the Deed, not they.

The Simile wou'd better *jump*,
Were you but plac'd on *Satan's* Rump;

For

For if beſtrode by you, *Old Nick*
Himſelf could ſcarce forbear to kick,
And curſe his wicked Burthen more
Than all the Sins he ever bore.

Is this the Art, good Doctor, ſay,
The true, the genuine ſweet'ning Lay?
Then muſt it truly be confeſt,
Our *Miniſters* are void of Taſte,
To let ſuch *Dabs* as You and I
So long undignify'd lie by,
While Dunces of the coarſeſt Clay,
That only know to *preach*, and *pray*,
Devour the *Church's tiddeſt Bits*,
That only ſhould be ſhar'd by *Wits*,
And leave us nought but *Guts*, and *Garbage*,
Or dirty *Offals* cook'd with *Herbage*.

No leſs than Reaſons of ſuch Weight
Could make you ſo *ſincerely hate*
Both *H—G* and *Miniſters* of *State.*
For once there was a Time, GOD wot,
Before our Friends were gone to *Pot*,
When *Jonathan* was great at *Court*,
The *Ruin'd Party* made his Sport,
Deſpis'd the Beaſt with *many Heads*,
And damn'd the *Mob* whom now he leads.
But Things are ſtrangely chang'd ſince then;
And *Kings* are now no more than *Men*;
From whence 'tis plain, they quite have loſt
GOD's *Image*, which was once their Boaſt.
For *Humankind* are all *Yahoos*,
As *Gulliver* divinely ſhews.
Both Envy then, and Malice muſt
Grant your Averſion ſtrictly juſt;

Since

Since you alone of all the Race
Have clear renounc'd both *Name*, and *Face*;
And with the *Virtues* pant to wear
(May Heav'n indulgent hear your Pray'r!)
The *Proof* of your high *Origine*,
The *Horſe's Countenance Divine!*
While *Grattan*, *Sheridon*, and I,
Who after you *adoring* fly,
An humbler Proſpect only wait,
To be your *Aſſes Colts* of *State*,
The *Angels* of your awful *Nods*,
Reſembling You, as *Angels* GODS.

FINIS.